

THE McARTHUR DEMOCRAT.

E. A. BRATTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

"EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL MEN, OF WHATEVER STATE OR PERSUASION, RELIGIOUS OR POLITICAL."—Thomas Jefferson.

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Will practice in Vinton and adjoining coun-
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Feb. 9, 1882. 34 if

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SELECT POETRY.

A ROSARY.

BY GEORGE W. DEWEY.

Come, draw your wheel beside me, Jane,
I'll rhyme, and you shall spin,
And from the burden of my song
A mutual solace win;
And, though the flame upon our hearth
With age is waning low,
Beneath the ashes soft and gray
The embers brightly glow!

Thus sat we, by the chimney-place,
When first we joined our hearts
In bonds which only true love binds,
And only stern Death parts;
Your hand in mine lay fondly then,
The busy wheel had stopp'd,
While love kept spinning out the thread
Which you had idly dropt.

That chord is twisted closer, Jane,
Few hands are at the loom—
Our children ply the spindle now,
That winds Affection's coil!
They are not all around us, Jane,
Yet still the reel turns on,
And lengthens out the time which reach
Wherever they have gone.

In distant fields one leads his team
With jocund Plenty's store;
Another listens to the wheel
Where mill streams blithely pour,
And one beside the river stands,
Where freightedarks depart
Upon the ever shifting tide
From inland to the mart.

The other, half a truant, takes
Our hopes across the seas,
And fills our heart with trembling fears,
When rude winds shake the trees:
And she, the last—the fairest one,
Who shares a husband's toil,
Afar with darling heart encamps,
On California's soil.—

With these we'll pass the night away—
Recalling bygone hours,
Such memories of our home shall be
A rosary of flowers!
And when we tell our scented beads—
Some withered are the bloom—
Our tears shall mark the vacant place
For those within the tomb.

[From the Boston True Flag.]

LOVE'S SACRIFICE:

—OR—

A SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER I.

66 I can no longer struggle against
the current of misfortune," ex-
claimed Mr. Whiting, a small mer-
chant, who had, by the pressure of hard
times, become somewhat involved; "I
am ruined!"

"Nay, my husband, do not be dis-
tressed. Worse calamities than this
might happen, and we will make the
best of it."

"But wife, I must fail; I cannot
sustain myself another day."

"You have done all you can to avert
the misfortune, and if it must come,
let us not repine, but bear it like Chris-
tians."

"I will try to keep calm; but it
seems hard after weathering the worst
of the storm, to be wrecked in sight of
land."

"Perhaps your creditors will give
you more time," suggested Mrs. Whit-
ing.

"I cannot hope it; the note which
comes due to-morrow, and which I am
utterly unable to pay, is in the hands
of my bitterest enemy."

"He will not distress you."

"I know him well. He is a villain!"

"Who do you mean?"

"Baker."

"God help us, if he is your creditor!"

"As near as I can learn, he bought
the note on purpose to perplex me, and
perhaps to obtain his revenge."

"Why is he so bitter against you?"

"Because I exposed a swindling op-
eration, in which he was engaged."

"How much is the note, father?"

asked a beautiful, hazel-eyed girl, who
had not before spoken, but who had
been listening with intense interest to
the conversation between her father
and mother.

"Three thousand dollars, Sarah," re-
plied Mr. Whiting, fixing a glance of
anxiety upon the fair girl.

"Can't you borrow it, father?"

"Alas, my child, my credit is very
much impaired. My notes have been
too thick in State Street for me to bor-
row without paying an exorbitant price;
and that, I think, would wrong my
creditors in case anything should hap-
pen."

"It is not so very dreadful to fail, is
it, father?"

"It would be ruinous to me, my
child. If I could pay this note to-
morrow, I could get along very well.—
I should not have been embarrassed,
had it not been for the failure of Jones."

"But I suppose it must be, and we
must content ourselves to live a little
more closely than we have been ac-
customed to."

Sarah asked no more questions, and
though the conversation was continued
between her father and mother, she
seemed to pay no attention to it. She
appeared to be musing deeply over
something.

As the evening advanced, John Bar-
net, a clerk, who had for some months
been attentive to Sarah, and who, re-
port said, was a favored suitor, made
his accustomed evening visit.

Everybody said that John Bar-
net

was a nice young man, and every way
worthy of so amiable and beautiful a
wife as Sarah Whiting would undoubt-
edly make.

If there is anything in smiles and
gentle words, the affection of the young
clerk was warmly reciprocated by Sar-
ah. They were not engaged, how-
ever, though he called at Mr. Whiting's
house from four to seven nights in a
week.

Mr. Whiting and his wife retired at
an early hour in the evening, leaving
the lovers to "have it out."

As usual, John Barret begged her to
make him happy by promising to be his
forever. To his utter surprise and
consternation, she told him she could
never be his wife, and entreated him to
think no more about her. Of course,
the lover pressed her for an explana-
tion of this sudden and remarkable
change in her manner towards him.—
But she could not even do this, and
John took his leave, feeling that he
had not another friend in the world.

CHAPTER II.

Sarah Whiting had another suitor in
the person of a wealthy and eccentric
old bachelor, who, after withstanding
the assaults of thousands of bright
eyes and bewitching smiles, had laid
his heart at the feet of beautiful her-
oine. We don't blame the old fellow
for falling in love with her, any more
than we blame Sarah for laughing at
him, when he threw himself at her feet
and "popped the question."

Mr. Ladyke Somerset was not a
very ill-looking man, though he
was an old bachelor. True, his
hair was not so black and glossy as it
had been twenty years before; there was
an occasional iron gray hair, which
looked a little suspicious; yet, when he
began to make his court to the divinity
of his dreams, even these disappeared,
and people were malicious enough to
say it was through the influence of a
certain compound applied by the bar-
ber. True, also, there was now and
then a wrinkle in his face, which
some young ladies affect to dislike.

But what of all these things? Old
age is honorable, and the iron gray
hairs and wrinkles did not in the least
mar the kindly expression of his phiz.

He was a very clever fellow, and
though the merry little Sarah Whiting
could not help laughing when he popped
the question to her, she would
very willingly have had just such an
uncle, or something of that sort. In
short, she liked him, but didn't love
him.

Mr. Ladyke Somerset was a firm be-
liever in the ancient verity, that "faint
heart never won fair lady," and he de-
termined not to faint, or give up the
chase, till he had bagged the game, or
had seen her the wife of another.—
Consequently he held out all the in-
ducements in his power to engage her
heart in his favor.

He was not what young ladies call
an "old tool," for he had sense enough
to feel that he could never gain the
victory on the strength of his physical
attributes—his personal beauty.

But he was an amiable man at heart
and trusted solely to the influence of
his moral and mental qualities for suc-
cess. They had thus far failed him,
though he still persevered.

Mr. Whiting, readily understanding
what these attentions meant, did all in
his power to favor his suit; for he was
an old fashioned man, and placed more
confidence in the power of a good
heart and plenty of money, to make
his daughter happy, than he did in the
more common attributes of youth and
good looks, even though the possessor
of the first named commodity had pas-
sed the meridian of life.

But Sarah had a mind of her own
in these matters, and though she ap-
preciated her kind father's motives,
she could not think of throwing her-
self away on a man of forty, even if he
was an angel.

It was only the afternoon of the day
preceding the conversation we have re-
corded, that Mr. Somerset had paid
her a visit, and renewed his protesta-
tions of love to her. She had told
him, for the twentieth time, "no."

When she heard her father relate
the particulars of his embarrassment,
the image of Mr. Somerset had in-
voluntarily presented itself to her mind.
He was abundantly able to assist them
in this emergency, and for the love he
bore her, perhaps he would.

But then if she applied to him, and
he afforded the necessary aid, she
would be under an obligation to him,
which she might find it very inconve-
nient to discharge.

Ruin stared her father in the face.—
He had said it was ruin, and she was
sure it was.

What right had she to be selfish and
over-nice, when she had it in her power
to avert the dreadful calamity? Her
father was all-in-all to her, and though
some girls are so sentimental as to sac-
rifice father, mother, home, and friends,
for a lover, she would sacrifice a dozen
lovers for her father alone, to say
nothing of her mother, who was worth
at least two dozen more.

Let not the reader suppose the pretty
Sarah did not love him upon whom
she smiled—she did; but her bump of
veneration was bigger than that other
bump on the back of the head.

Her resolution was formed, and

about eleven o'clock the next day, she
put on her bonnet and walked up to the
Revere House, where Mr. Somerset
boarded.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Ladyke Somerset was a nabob,
and retained a private parlor to which
the obsequious servant conducted Sarah
Whiting.

Of course the bachelor was reason-
ably astonished at this visit.

"Indeed, Miss Whiting, I am de-
lighted to see you," exclaimed he, with
rapturous enthusiasm.

"I knew you would be, and that's the
reason I came," laughed Sarah, and at
the same time she blushed so sweetly
that Mr. Ladyke Somerset had almost
dissolved in a rapture of delight.

"Ah, my dear Miss Whiting, you
are not always so kind to me as you
are to-day."

"But I always will be hereafter," and
Sarah smiled, though her heart beat
like the bounding of a race horse.

"Ah, you are so good; and so pretty,
too."

"I will save you the trouble of all
these useless adulations by saying that
I have come to accept your oft-repeated
proposal."

"Indeed!" and the bachelor was taken
"all aback!" he could hardly believe the
evidence of his own senses.

"What, sir! Do you recede from
your offer?" said Sarah, laughing with
all her might—a very convenient cloak
for young ladies, sometimes.

"Capital joke—eh?" and the bachelor
laughed too.

"No joke, sir; I am in earnest."
Sarah looked sober as the matron of
the Orphan Asylum.

"Nay, nay, my pretty Sarah, do not
make sport of me."

"I will give you my promise in writ-
ing, with my signature if you desire
it."

"Is it possible that you mean so?"
said the doubtful Mr. Somerset.

"Take my hand."
The bachelor took it, pressed it to
his lips, and began to think himself
the happiest fellow in the world.

"I am yours, Mr. Somerset."
"Bless you, Sarah."
"On one condition."

"Name it."
Sarah recounted the story of her
father's embarrassment.

"Fill me out a check for three thou-
sand dollars, and I promise to become
your wife within one year."

Mr. Ladyke Somerset mused. He
appeared to be in doubt. He was a
high-souled man, and the idea of buy-
ing the hand of his wife, was, to the
last degree, repugnant to him.

"You hesitate, sir; I know you do
not love me," said Sarah, with apparent
pique.

"On my soul I do! I agree; here is
the check," replied Mr. Somerset, as
he seated himself at the table and drew
the check.

"Now inclose it in a note to my father,
saying you heard his trouble from a
mutual friend, and then beg the privi-
lege of loaning him the amount of the
check."

"And you sacrifice yourself to your
father, my fair Sarah?" said the bach-
elor, as he sealed the note.

"I do."
"You are an angel!"
"Nay; I must go now."

The check did the business, and
Mr. Whiting was as happy as ever he
was in his life. Baker could not
sleep that night because he had been
foiled in his revenge.

In the evening Mr. Somerset called
at the house to see his future bride.—
She treated him kindly, and permitted
him to set by her side, hold her work-
basket, and pick up her thimble when
she dropped it—which was glory en-
ough for one evening, to one as mode-
rate in his wishes as the bachelor beau
of our heroine.

But about eight o'clock, to Sarah's
utter consternation, John Barret paid
his usual visit. The poor clerk was
sadly distressed, as well he might be,
and called to desire an explanation of
the cool manner in which he had been
dismissed.

The presence of Mr. Somerset was
all the explanation he desired. He
was uneasy; he could not join in the
conversation, and aware that he was
making himself disagreeable to the
party, he determined to take his leave,
but how could he leave her?

He knew Mr. Somerset to be one of
the best men in the world, and he re-
solved to request an interview with
him on the spot.

The worthy bachelor condescended
to walk down the street a short distance
with John Barret. John told him the
whole story; how he loved Sarah, and
how he had every reason to believe
that Sarah loved him. He was sure
that some unfair advantage had been
taken, and he wanted the matter ex-
plained.

"Come back to the house, young
man, and I will give you all the satis-
faction you desire."

John consented.

love, as he tenderly embraced his noble-
hearted daughter.

"You understand it now, don't you,
Mr. Barret?" said the bachelor, with a
good natured smile.

"I do, indeed," replied John, sorrow-
fully; "she is a noble girl, and I shall
never cease to love her, though she can
never be mine."

Sarah cast a sad glance at him, and
her eyes filled with tears. She never
knew till that moment how much she
loved the poor clerk. But it was all
over now—the bright dreams of love
had passed away and she could never
be happy again.

"What, Sarah! do you recede from
your promise?" asked Mr. Somerset.

"Nay, I do not. Farewell John,
farewell forever," and the poor girl
sobbed convulsively.

"Farewell, Sarah," and the clerk
seized his hat and rushed towards the
door.

"Hallo! stop! young man," exclaimed
Mr. Somerset; "don't go off mad. Give
me your hand."

The bachelor took the clerk's hand.
"You are a good fellow; I honor you.
Your hand, Sarah," and Mr. Somerset
took the little white hand of weeping
maiden and placed it in that of John
Barret. "Be happy!"

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Sar-
ah, bewildered at the actions of the
bachelor.

"Mean? You love him, don't you?"
"With all my soul!"
"And you do not love me?"
Sarah began to understand.

"I like you."
"You are his: be happy! You did
not for a moment suppose I could be
so mean, as to take the advantage of
such a noble act of self-sacrifice, as
you performed to-day? No! I love
you but I will not make you miserable."

Poor Sarah! How happy she was,
and how she pitied poor Mr. Somer-
set, who loved her so much. She
felt that, if she had never seen John
Barret, she would have been glad to
be his, grey and wrinkled to the con-
trary, notwithstanding—he was such a
dear, good soul!

"Be happy, and that isn't all; when
I die, you shall have half my fortune."

The bachelor kept his word and
though he didn't die of a broken heart,
he did not live many years; yet when
he did die, the hand of woman—of as
true and loving a woman as ever made
home a paradise—smoothed his dying
pillow, and closed his eyes in their
last sleep; and there were sincere
mourners over his bier.

Poor Mr. Ladyke Somerset! though
he found not a wife in Sarah Whiting,
he found a true friend.

Woman's True Beauty.

It is a low and degrading idea of
that sex which was created to refine
the joys and soften the cares of human-
ity by the most agreeable participa-
tion, to consider them merely as ob-
jects of sight. This is abridging them
of their natural extent of power, to put
them upon a level with their pictures
at Kneeler's. How much nobler is the
contemplation of beauty heightened by
virtue, and commanding our esteem
and love, while it draws our observa-
tion! Colors artfully spread upon can-
vas may entertain the eye, but not af-
fect the heart; and she who takes no
care to add to the natural graces of her
person any excellent qualities, may be
allowed still to amuse as a picture, but
not to triumph as a beauty. When
Adam is introduced, by Milton, describ-
ing Eve in Paradise, and relating
to the angel the impressions he felt up-
on seeing her at her first creation, he
does not represent her like a Grecian
Venus by her shape of features, but
by the luster of her mind which shone
in them, and gave them the power of
charming:

"Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
In all her gestures dignity and love."

Innocent Pleasures.
I have lived to become sincerely sus-
picious of the piety of those who do
not love pleasure in any form. I can
not trust the man that never laughs,
that is always sedate, that has no ap-
parent outlets for those natural springs
of sportiveness and gaiety that are
perennial in the human soul. I know
that nature takes her revenge on such
violence. I expect to find secret vices,
malignant sins, or horrid crimes spring-
ing up in this hot-bed of confined air
and imprisoned space; and, therefore,
it gives me a sincere moral gratifica-
tion anywhere, and in any community,
to see innocent pleasure and popular
amusements resisting the religious big-
otry that frowns so unwisely upon them.

Anything is better than dark, dead, un-
happy social life—a prey to ennui and
morbid excitement, which results from
unmitigated puritanism, whose second
crop is usually unbridled license and in-
famous folly.—Rev. Dr. Bellows.

The light here is not the true, I
await a better.—Ducis.

Riches amassed in haste will di-
minish; but those collected by hand
and little by little will multiply.—Go-
ethe.

Envy pierces more in the restriction
of prizes than in the exaggeration of
its criticisms.—Archilles Poincelot.

DREAMING ON WEDDING CAKE.

A bachelor editor out west, who had
received from the fair hand of a bride
piece of elegant wedding cake to dream
on, thus gives the result of his exper-
ience: